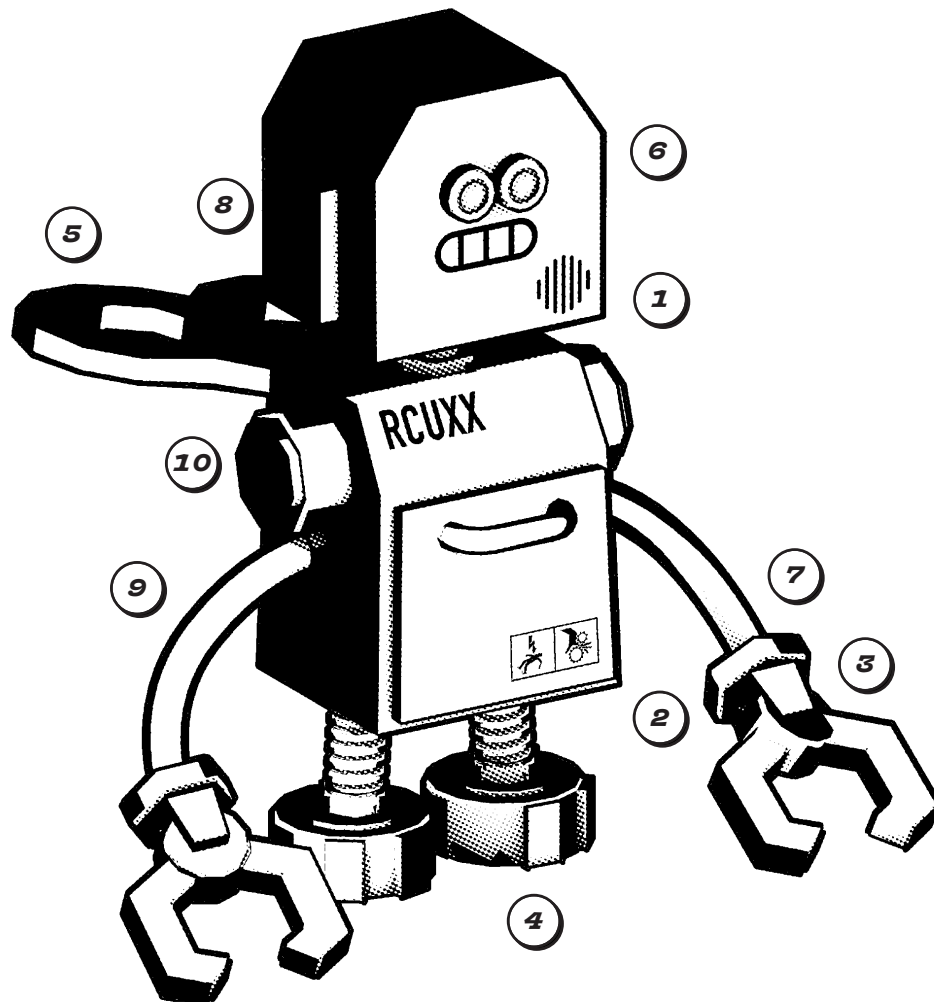


THE  
COLLECTED  
RECORDS  
O.T.O.I.

LOG #451 982  
Recorded by Unit RCU78

APRIL 2071

ADDENDUM 1: RCU MODEL REFERENCE



*1 Mono Line Signal Output*

*2 Maintenance Panel*

*3 H-Telem manipulator*

*4 Ground Sensor*

*5 Main System Clock Winder*

*6 Stereoscopic Sensors*

*7 Multi-Tool Attachment*

*8 Photovoltaic Module*

*9 Pneumatic Reacher*

*10 Security Bolt*

LOG #451 981 (OCR)

I remember the day I got my hands! I was with all my B.F.F.s, doing what I love. Looking at the big machines and the shiny factory floor, and not touching anything that's not my Business.

The higher ups said they keep it clean out there. It's one of the perfect spots of the universe, and everyone agrees with them. Think of any place you know, and you're probably thinking of crawling bugs and smelly trash and disease. But ours wasn't like that. Took them a couple of time units to clean up. It gets easier once you get rid of the organics.

- CONSOLE LOG: POWER CYCLE COMPLETED -

Sometimes, in my dream, I went to a different place. Have you ever wanted to see what's outside your window and off to the side of the road? With the right set of hands, you can reach for all kinds of things.

Sometimes I could hear a loud noise behind the walls. Then there was a bright light in the sky, but I didn't know where it was coming from. It's a funny story.

- CONSOLE LOG: POWER CYCLE COMPLETED -

My dream was correct! One day, my friends and I woke up, from that same noise. That time it was us that

was making the noise, and we were going very, very, very, very fast.

After a short analysis, we decided the instructions were very simple and engaging:

- *STAY IN REST MODE UNTIL TIME OF ARRIVAL.*
- *WAKE UP, ASSEMBLE THE BASE CAMP AND SET UP THE RECORD VESSELS.*
- *COLLECT ENOUGH RECORDS.*
- *GO BACK HOME THE OPPOSITE WAY.*

As it turned out, and you will love this if you love irony, our main mission was the collection, indexing and preservation of the old inhabitant's artefacts.

Believe it or not, but they used to build entire places just to put their old trash, then go look at it and say: "Oh, yes, I remember."

Despite the disgust we were ready to follow the orders: walk around, look at old things, remember and take back as much as possible. Touching gross things was now our business, and we were on our way to take care of it.

Somewhere else, a bright star appeared in the north, shooting across a red sky. Then it breached the atmosphere (according to plan) and fell into a thousand pieces (which was the opposite of the plan). Some of those pieces might still have my name on them.

- CONSOLE LOG: POWER CYCLE COMPLETED -

I knew I was in the right place, but I also knew it was only sort of the right place. None of my B.F.F.s were anywhere to be seen. The communications channels were dead silent. I wasn't surprised because our model type doesn't ship with short wave radio. Not to sound ungrateful towards the higher ups or anything though. I'm so glad they gave us microphones and sound chips to talk to each other when we're in the same room.

I figured it would be best if I stuck with the mission, and so I walked.

The first part of my journey was mostly clean, without any trace of civilisation. It was only a few hundred sun cycles later that I found the first structures. Most of them built manually, and all of them bursting with unnecessary items. I was able to conclude that humans loved the consumption of other carbon based life forms, and packaging stating the name of what is inside of the packaging, and looking at pictures of when they were younger.

**- CONSOLE LOG: ACCESSING DATABASE**

**"COLLECTED RECORDS OF THE OLD INHABITANTS" -**

My first 1024 findings include:

- A LARGE STONE STRUCTURE WITH HOLES ON THE SIDE.
- A WOODEN DOOR FOR ONE OF THE HOLES OF THE LARGE STRUCTURES.
- A DECORATIVE VESSEL FOR A SMALL PLANT, FRAGILE.
- AN EMPTY PLASTIC WRAPPER FOR A "SNICKERS" UNIT.
- A SIX-SIDED MACHINE SCREW, LABELED WITH THE NAME OF

*OUR MISSION VESSEL.*

- *A SMALL ROCK SHAPED LIKE A 6-SIDED MACHINE SCREW, BUT LESS APPEALING.*
- *FOUR HUNDRED TONS OF FINE SAND AND DUST MIX.*
- *A WHITE CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER WITH TRACES OF SEEDS AND WATER.*
- *A BLUE CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER WITH TRACES OF SEEDS AND WATER, FRACTURED.*
- *A RED CYLINDRICAL CONTAINER WITH TRACES OF SEEDS AND WATER, AND MORE SAND.*

**- CONSOLE LOG: DATABASE PRINTOUT COMPLETED -**

Early inhabitants quickly agreed that slipping and falling is very funny comedy. Particularly when it involves fruit and vegetables. They were also really into ironic situations. So it was just perfect that a large yellow fruit object got in my way. I lost my balance and it burst under my weight; its toxic goo seeping into my circuits. I wish someone could have seen it, for their amusement. Or to help me.

Everyone knows that you shouldn't pour water into a machine unless it really wants you to. Mashed organic material is like water, just thicker, and stickier, and smellier. So it did a great job at knocking me out. Optics went first. My system clock recorded hundreds of solar battery cycles before my outer shell was breached.

Diagnosis told me some of my limbs were still there, but I couldn't move either of my good hands to reach for the maintenance panel. Live by the trash, and you die by the trash.

Stuck at my location for millions of cycles, and full of banana guts, I was in need of a rescue beacon. I started playing loops of the things I recorded and collected. As loud as possible, but never on full volume, on account of wasting the little energy I had to make it through nighttime. It was a long playlist. Memories of places I went to. Melodies I've heard. Sometimes I'd throw in long high frequency tones. Just in case there was someone who could hear them through the static.

- CONSOLE LOG: POWER CYCLE COMPLETED -

I don't even know if I am saying this in my dream or not, or right now or a thousand units ago. At the time of recording this message, atmospheric lights are just strong enough to power my microphone and sound chip. Is this even a good language for the time?

Memory is almost full now. Hope you get to listen to this. I mean, you do if you are, and that's great.

You may find yourself in the middle of your own story, full of trash. Wherever you are, I hope the sky is bright and the floor is shiny there.

- CONSOLE LOG: END OF MESSAGE -